

The Garden

**“I always plucked a thistle
And planted a flower
Where I thought a flower would grow.”
- Abraham Lincoln**

**The garden in its many shades,
Each small bud on the branch or bush
A different color, a tiny piece.
But the whole garden smiles with delight.
Yes, the whole garden glimmers
Sprinkled, splashed with blues, reds, greens.
America - an endless sea of colors,
Our faces, our garden, America.**

**Our destiny, a seed, planted by many
Those who have come before us,
Those who blossom around us,
Those who are us.**

**One man shaped us all,
One man plucked out
Our injustice,
Our slavery,
Our hatred,
Our division.**

**One man planted in us all,
Our hope,
Our unity,
Our freedom,
Our garden.**

**Our roots once twisted, twined in thistles
Now are free.
Now are free.**